

THE ARIEL.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE-SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING,

RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. VI.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 22, 1832.

NO. 12.

From the London New Monthly Magazine, for July.

THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

Why does my mother steal away,
To hide her struggling tears?
Her trembling touch betrays uncheck'd
The secret of her fears;
My father gazes on my face
With yearning, earnest eye;—
And yet, there's none among them all,
To tell me I must die!

My little sisters press around
My sleepless couch, and bring
With eager hands, their garden gift,
The first sweet buds of Spring!
I wish they'd lay me where those flowers
Might lure them to my bed,
When other Springs and Summers bloom
And I am with the dead.

The sunshine quivers on my cheek,
Glitt'ring, and gay, and fair,
As if it knew my hand too weak
To shade me from its glare!
How soon 'twill fall unheeded on
This death-dew'd glassy eye!
Why do they fear to tell me so?
I know that I must die!

The Summer winds breathe softly through
My lone, still, dreary room,
A lonelier and a stiller one
Awaits me in the tomb!
But no soft breeze will whisper there,
No mother hold my head!
It is a fearful thing to be
A dweller with the dead!

Eve after eve, the sun prolongs
His hour of parting light,
And seems to make my farewell hours
Too fair, too heavenly bright!
I know the loveliness of earth,
I love the evening sky,
And yet I should not murmur, if
They told me I must die.

My playmates turn aside their heads
When parting with me now,
The nurse that tended me a babe,
Now soothes my aching brow.
Ah! why are those sweet cradle-hours
Of joy and fondling fled?
Not e'en my parents' kisses now
Could keep me from the dead!

Our Pastor kneels beside me oft,
And talks to me of Heaven;
But with a holier vision still,
My soul in dreams hath striven:
I've seen a beckoning hand that call'd
My faltering steps on high;
I've heard a voice that, trumpet-tongued,
Bade me prepare to die!

From Blackwood's Magazine, for August.

SONGS FOR MUSIC—BY MRS. HEMANS.

SUMMER SONG.

Come away the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!

O'er the weary waters now,
In their play,
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
Come away!
Where the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glancing stream—
Come away!

All the air is fill'd with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
Come away!
Where the bee's deep music swells
From the trembling fox-glove bells—
Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue
Now hath won its richest hue;
In the woods the breath of song
Night and day
Floats with leafy scent along—
Come away!
Where the boughs with dewy gloom
Darken each thick bed of bloom—
Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose
Now the crimson love hue glows;
Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
Sheds a ray.
Dreamy, starry queenly bright,—
Come away!
Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild wood strawberries,
Come away!

Now each tree by summer crown'd,
Sheds its own rich twilight round,
Glancing there from sun to shade,
Bright wings play:
There the deer its couch hath made—
Come away!
Where the smooth leaves of the lime
Glisten in their honey-time—
Come away—away!

GO SCATTER FLOWERS UPON THE TOMB.

BY F. W. HAWLEY.

Go scatter flowers upon the tomb,
Or plant them in Arabian sand,
And dream that they spring and bloom
As in thy own luxurious land!

But think not in thy wildest dream,
If Hope hath snapp'd her golden chain,
That Fortune's fairest; sunniest gleam
Can reunite its links again!

Visit the glittering midnight hall
Where revel laughs with frenzied glee—
Where beauty throws her light o'er all,
And claims the heart's idolatry.

Go tread amid the flowers of spring,
And wreath thy brow with fragrance there!
Poor fool! know'st not that death can bring
The only opiate for despair!

THE TRAVELLER.

HARPER'S FAMILY LIBRARY—*Lander's Discovery of the Termination of the Niger.*

IT would be an instructive thing to collect in all their forms and sizes, every work, transaction and review that has appeared on the subject of this little book. All the speculations of the De Lisles and Danvilles, the Reichards and Rennels, the Leakes and Barrows; all the learning from Strabo, and Pliny, and Pomponius Mela, which has been interpreted and misinterpreted a thousand ways, and even the labors and sacrifices of travellers and discoverers, have been put to flight, set at naught, and at rest, by the authors of this book,—a gentleman's servant and his brother—two apparently as respectable men as can be found, who appear only just to have been tolerated by the British Government, and permitted to run the imminent risk of their lives only for the dignified object of gratifying a whim of their betters. We are among those who think it of extremely little consequence which way the Niger runs; and, for all we care, it might have been swallowed up, as the geographers imagined, by the great-swamp of Wangara.

A river or a sea,
Was to it a dish of tea.

Every part of Africa connected with this river, whether on the coast or in the interior, is fatal to European life, and except with a view to natural history, there is not a single motive for visiting it. Articles of trade are brought down to the coast, where, as it is, they are purchased by the Liverpool trader at the cost of the life of the crew. The best thing attending the numerous expeditions that have been fitted out, is the pleasant books that have been made concerning them. It is something, also, to witness the heroic resolution, and the indefatigable perseverance exhibited by men under circumstances of the most appalling difficulty. This feeling is however balanced by the spectacle of a needless sacrifice, and the painful exhibition of a noble and energetic creature sinking under the combined effects of a pestiferous climate, wretched food, and excessive fatigue. The course of the Niger is now, however, traced nearly all its length; but have we not paid dearly for our whistle? It is remarkable that the expedition fitted out at least expense, and with the least pretensions, has had the most conspicuous success.

The Landers were dismissed from Downing street with a sort of indifference,—the youngest brother was only tolerated, and was by the liberal Government neither paid, nor promised any pecuniary allowance whatever; but patience and perseverance accomplished what science, rank, enterprise, and courage had failed to perform. When abused and insulted by a native king, John Lander says, "now a spirited man would have knocked him down, and got his head cut off for his pains." Spirit is a very useless article among savages who have the power all on their own side; and it is possible that a good deal of the Landers' success may be owing to a certain humility and sufferance which men get in England, who are born to serve, to say nothing of their hardihood, and power of enduring privation. The journal of the Landers is really a superior production. We do not see how it could have been made much better by any person of ordinary education, excepting perhaps a few errors of composition. The younger one wrote his brother's former narrative—and, except where he is too ambitious, is rather a clever hand at description. The incidents which occur to a couple of white men, wandering in wide and

populous districts of savages, where white men had never before been seen, laden with needles, knives and red cloth, and looking glasses, must necessarily be curious. Our astonishment is, not that they were occasionally ill-treated, but that they in fact, have very little reason to complain. The black fellows have not justice done to them. A couple of strangers, dropping from the moon in the way our explorers do in Africa, laden with treasure, would be robbed and murdered, in a week, in some lands of high civilization. Here, there is now and then a theft or a cheat; but these are the exceptions; generally speaking, they are received with presents—they are met with gifts of palm oil, and butter, and honey, and yams. On one or two occasions, they were certainly roughly handled. Their goods were taken, but this was by river pirates; and their lives were not only not destroyed, but carefully preserved. The man who behaved most roguishly to them was the King of Yaoorie; he enticed them to his capital, under the pretence of having got in his possession Mungo Park's journals and papers, and when he had the travellers safe, he took a fancy to trade with them. His Majesty had a vehement fancy for buttons and other valuable things of that kind, and promised a world of cowries in return. He was continually sending for articles he had taken a liking to, and then, after the manner as it is said, of good Queen Charlotte, pretended to consider them as presents. This was unhandsome treatment; but worst of all he actually made presents himself. He stripped a live ostrich of part of its feathers, and gave them to the strangers; but as this was not a sufficiently royal gift, he insisted on their staying till more feathers had grown again; but as they were determined to depart, he demanded the price of twelve pounds of butter, which he said he had rubbed into the skin of the ostrich to accelerate the growth of the plumage—observing that it was very shameful conduct in them neither to wait for his gift, nor remunerate him for his anxiety to hasten their departure. This is a right royal story, and might admit of agreeable application.

The uncertainty of life in Africa is illustrated by the fact that nearly all the governors and chiefs had been despatched in various ways, even in that short interval that elapsed between Lander's leaving Africa and his return. But life is not considered in that quarter of the world the valuable commodity it is with us. It is perhaps not given with more recklessness, but it is taken with vast indifference. In many instances the prime minister, and the chief governors take office on the immutable condition of dying immediately after their master; and such it seems is the love of power, that place never wants candidates. Greatly as men stick to office in our country, we believe it would be a task of very considerable difficulty for a king well stricken in years to make up a decent cabinet. The wives are also immolated at Yarriba, not far from the coast of Guinea, on the death of their husbands. Ladies who love their lords have the pleasant option of poison or being *clubbed*—that is, having their head broken by a huge club, brandished by a brawny priest. An ex-queen had the immorality to withdraw herself from this becoming sacrifice; the priests were enraged, and the people shocked; her retreat was discovered on the very day of the arrival of the Landers, and as they were lodged in the same courtyard with the unhappy lady, they witnessed her sorrow for the death of her husband. She chose poison, but was several days grimacing over the cup—she was visited by all the authorities, and her own grave digger prostrated himself at her feet with the profoundest respect, just as here Jack Ketch shakes hands with his victims. This lady seems to have thought as much of her life as Europe-

ans. The value we place upon our precious existence, is well known even in the interior of this strange land. When the "King of the Canoe" was told to be particularly careful of his charge, as the two travellers were embarking on the Niger—"Careful," answered the man; "to be sure I will; do I not know that white men are more precious than a boat load of eggs, and require as much care to be taken of them." Another answer of this "King of the Canoe," is curious. As people live in these countries pretty nearly upon the bounty of nature, they have not much to do; and that which they do do, they do at their leisure, and, we suppose, as is the case nearer home, the greater the leisure the greater the gentleman. Nobody is therefore in a hurry—a hurry would betoken inferiority,—here they differ from us; for the less we have to do, the greater our hurry; an idle man is known by the impetuosity of his horses, but the negroes of the Niger are at least consistent. When the Landers requested the "King of the Canoe," a sort of black Lord High Admiral, to make as much haste as possible, for all the vulgar were passing them; he replied gravely, "Kings do not travel so fast as common men, I must convey you along as slowly as possible."

The Harpers have served up an acceptable dish to the lovers of travel, by republishing these volumes. Several very pretty engravings enhance the value of the work.

The Lives of Celebrated Travellers, from the press of the Harpers, ranks as one of the most interesting works of the age. It embraces a mass of information, the mere heads of which would fill up half our paper. The travels of Niebuhr, a German, are full of lively interest. We add a few extracts—

"While he was thus engaged, one of the Turkish merchants, who happened to be present, observing his telescope pointed towards the city, had the curiosity to look through it, and was not a little alarmed at perceiving a tower upside down. 'This,' says he, 'gave occasion to a rumor, that I was come to Alexandria to turn the whole city topsyturvy. The report reached the governor's house. My janizary refused to accompany me when I took out my instrument; and as I then supposed that a European could not venture to appear in an eastern city without a janizary, I relinquished the idea of making any further geometrical measurements there.'—'On another occasion,' he continues, 'when I was making an astronomical observation on the southern point of the Delta, a very civil and sensible peasant, from the village of Daraue, happened to be present. As I wished to show him something he had never seen before, I pointed the telescope of the quadrant towards his village, on which he was extremely terrified at seeing all the houses upside down. He asked my servant what could be the cause of this. The man replied, that the government, being extremely dissatisfied with the inhabitants of that village, had sent me to overthrow it entirely. The poor peasant was greatly afflicted, and entreated me to wait long enough for him to take his wife, his children, and his cow to some place of safety. My servant assured him he had two hours good. He immediately ran home, and as soon as the sun had passed the meridian, I took my quadrant on board again.'"

The same traveller relates a remarkable anecdote of a Turkish pirate—

"The Nile, like the Ganges, has long been renowned

for the daring race of pirates who infest it. Bruce, and many other travellers, have celebrated their ingenuity; but the following anecdote, related by Niebuhr, exhibits their exquisite skill in a still more favorable point of view: A pasha, recently arrived in Egypt, happening to be encamped on the banks of the river, his servants, aware of the dexterity of their countrymen, kept so strict a watch during the night, that they detected one of the pirates, and brought him before the pasha, who threatened to put him to death on the spot. The prisoner, however, entreated permission to show the pasha one of the extraordinary tricks of his art, in the hope of thereby inducing him to spare his life. The permission was granted. The man then took up the pasha's garments, and whatever else he found in the tent, and having tied them up into a packet, as the Egyptians do when they are about to swim across a river, made several turns before the company to amuse them. He then insensibly approached the Nile, and darting into the water like lightning, had already reached the opposite shore, with the pasha's garments upon his head, before the Turks could get ready their muskets to fire at him."

The churches of Cairo must be strange abodes indeed, if we are to believe the following—

"The Coptic churches amused him much. In one of these he saw pictures representing Christ, the Virgin, and several saints, on horseback; intended, perhaps, to insinuate to their Mahomedan masters, that the founder of their religion and his followers had not been compelled, as Christians then were in Egypt, to ride upon asses. These churches, moreover, were strewn with so many crutches, that a stranger might conclude, upon observing them, that the whole Coptic community had lost the use of their limbs; however, upon inquiry, our traveller discovered that it was the custom among them to stand in church, which many persons found so wearisome that they resolved to aid their piety with crutches. The floors were covered with mats, which, not being changed very frequently, swarmed with fleas, numbers of which did our traveller the honor to prefer him before any of their ancient patrons. In approaching Damietta he saw about twenty large boats loaded with bees: each of these boats carried two hundred hives; the number, therefore, of the hives here assembled in one spot, was four thousand; and when the inhabitants of this floating city issued forth to visit the flowers of the neighborhood, they must have appeared like a locust cloud."

We shall close our present notice with a lively scene in which Niebuhr was a conspicuous actor—

"In Mohammedan countries persons who are able to calculate an eclipse are regarded as consummate physicians. Forskaal had informed the reis, or captain, that an eclipse was about to take place; and to amuse him and keep him from interrupting his astronomical observations, Niebuhr had smoked several glasses, through which he, as well as the principal merchants, might contemplate the phenomenon. They were all greatly amused, and from that moment Forskaal enjoyed the reputation of being a second Avicenna. From a spirit of humane complaisance, which induces us to allow every one an opportunity of exhibiting his peculiar talents, men are exceedingly apt to fall ill when they come in contact with a physician. Our traveller's Mohammedan companions were particularly polite in this way; for no sooner had they persuaded themselves that there was a physician on board than they all discovered that they were attacked by diseases which had previously lain dormant, and confidently demanded medicine and advice. Forskaal prescribed

for all. To the majority he recommended more or less sleep, and a careful attention to their diet. A pilgrim at length presented himself who complained that he was unable to see during the night. The physician advised him to light a candle. This was excellent. The Arabs, who are naturally lively, burst into a loud laugh, and all their diseases were forgotten in a moment."

SELECT TALES.

From the Kentuckian and Commentator.

A WESTERN ADVENTURE.

Bring forth the horse—the horse was brought.

* * * * *

They bound me on that mental throng
Upon his back, with many a thong,
Then loosened him with sudden lash;
Away! away!—and on we dash!

LORD BYRON.

Nothing which the mind is capable of compassing, causes a more thrilling interest than the recital of our father's bravery—than to revert to times when our infancy shuddered in its cradle, and know the danger is past. The recollection infuses into our bosoms a glow of enthusiastic patriotism, which, at other periods, when other objects are present, we seldom feel. Ardent and burning, with desire of distinction, we deem ourselves equal to any task assigned us; that were those difficulties to which our progenitors were exposed, to come athwart our path, as they did, so would we overcome them. Every obstacle would be surmounted; every impediment be removed, and all that threatened yield to our daring, cunning, and indefatigableness. Yet were the trial made, it would be attended with more doubts and fears, than anticipated; and until that is the case, we can scarcely determine the property belonging to those who contended against so many disadvantageous circumstances in populating our country and who succeeded so fortunately in their untiring efforts.

None have experienced these sensations and emotions more exquisitely, than the Kentuckian. Dark and gloomy forests once shrouded with their thick foliage, his native land; where wild beasts roamed at will—where no human tread had ever marked its print upon the luxuriant verdure, or voice echoed through the vallies, save of the Indians, less tame, in pursuit. He was nature's child; aroused from his slumbers by no music, but which his parent thundered in her angriest mood. Delighting not in the murmuring ripple of the rivulet; taking no pleasure in the roaring fall of mighty waters; the wandering of his falcon glance over the azure expanse which canopied him, brought to his mind neither awe nor admiration.

Grandeur and magnificence were present at his birth,—the sky his covering, the forest glade his cradle. He was indeed the stoic of the woods. The only sounds which fell with harmony upon his ear, were the bear's surly growl and the wild hallo of the panther. Under his guidance, no splendid edifice reared its majestic walls towards heaven. His habitation was a small wigwam, rudely constructed, from which a thin vapor found its way through the surrounding trees. Kentucky was his hunting ground, when revelling in his native and dearly loved sport he passed away the season of enjoyment.—Here, too, he met his enemy in deadly strife. Extirpation was his watchword. The wily manœuvre—the near approach—the death grapple—the catastrophe marked many a green spot in the beautiful land of promise.

The story of Indian adventures, heightened by the romance of time and language, vividly sketched in wild and beautiful colors by the wayward pencil of imagination, has caused the lovely maiden to pause by the oft

visited, rustic mound; and as the dim twilight shadowed her with its spell, she dropped a silent tear to affections withered and hopes crushed by the most untimely melancholy fate.

Not fifty years ago, where but a few log cabins were the only dwellings erected by the hand of civilization, west of the Alleghany mountains, a solitary adventurer was to be seen, wending his way among the cliffs, which, on the other side, keep the Kentucky river within its natural limits. Tall, straight, robust, and athletic, with sinewy limbs, he bounded with the most consummate activity from crag to crag, letting himself down occasionally by means of a mighty spring from rock to tree, and ascending by the same method, when an abrupt precipice impeded his progress. His dress was of the coarsest materials, such as is now used by the porters and carmen of our cities; a cap made of the wildcat skin, surmounted by the tail of a raccoon, after the fashion of a dragoon cap, served as his chapeau; and moccasins of raw buffalo hide preserved his feet from the sharp rocks and pointed brambles; over which he passed. Over one shoulder hung his pouch and powderhorn; on the other rested a rifle, necessary appendages in those days; complete the picture with a large knife stuck in his leathern belt, and you are introduced to Mr. Simon Kenton, one of the most distinguished pioneers of the West.

We pass over his youthful hours and juvenile sports; only suggesting that they were both characterized by a manliness, exceeding far his years. At the early age of nineteen, he left his father, a poor, but respectable farmer, in Fauquire county, Virginia, determined to seek his fortune in a more genial clime. After acting as a spy and ranger for Lord Dunmore and others, for a period of two or three years, he visited Kentucky in the year 1775, and found the soil and climate even more productive and salubrious than anticipated.

Five years afterwards, is he presented to the reader, endeavoring to extend his information respecting the localities of the country and the fertility of the land. We left him progressing along a cliff of the Kentucky, in the hunter's garb, at a rapid rate. Before him, Elkhorn was rolling in its turbid waters to a nobler stream. He stood upon the ridge, immediately south of the creek, where it joins the river. Above, around, below, was nature, smiling in all her loveliness. Rough and unlettered as he was, Kenton had an eye and heart, true to the mandates of beauty's call. He could not resist the inclination to review the scene. There had been a shower, and leaves glistened beautifully in the clear sunshine which now enlightened the pathless woods. Wild flowers, variegated with every hue, were hanging in rich clusters from the rocks. Birds were carolling their sweet lays in token of their gratitude for the dissipation of the clouds, and he could hear the vernal breezes sighing through the luxuriant cane which he had just parted.

His attention was aroused by a sound not unlike the rattling of seared leaves against their parent stalk. But the hunter's practised ear was not to be deceived. He well knew the moccasin-tread of the Indian, and scarcely had the power of starting, ere half a dozen bullets perforated the oak against which he had leaned.

With a woodman's craft, skilled in the nature of their warfare, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, standing in a situation that his body would be best shielded from their deadly aim, he poised his rifle, touched its hair trigger, and with one convulsive spring, the forest's stateliest son measured his length upon the ground.—Quick as thought the gun was reloaded, and another victim upon whom to pour its contents singled out. He touched the spring—the charm was gone. The flint had shivered with the first fire, and the rifle which had served its master hitherto so faithfully had lost its wonted powers.

Dashing the useless engine from him, and bounding from his no longer secret covert, he threw himself, rather than ran down the declivity. It is a principle in Indian warfare, and indeed, in what warfare is it not a principle,

to do the greatest injury at the least possible expense? They are by education taught to shun open danger and are not bribed to courageous and manly daring, by enthusiastic plaudits, and a cheering of admiration. They receive, like the Spartan boys, most applause for successful cunning and deception, and are often punished in case of a failure. So soon as they discovered Kenton's helpless condition, they darted after him with an arrow's speed. The pursuit was long and wearily contested.—The practised limbs and sinews of the hunter—his endurance of hardships and fatigue, a knowledge of the character of his pursuers and the horrid fate to which he would be subjected, if captured, sustained him in the doubtful chase. Many miles had been traversed; devious paths and innumerable doublings had been tried, but in vain. They were close at his heels. His muscular limbs yielded. He was their prisoner. Their *revenge* was to be gratified. His mere death was insufficient to glut their gloating passion.

New devices and more protracted means of torture by which the victim, suffering the most agonizing and subtle torments, that savage could propose, would only hang on the verge of eternity, were planned by his ruthless foes. Every species of cruelty which they could imagine, that would not disable their prisoner, were inflicted.—Death would have been a glorious boon, and often did the prayer ascend from the deep fountains of his bosom, that heaven would alleviate his sufferings, with a period to his existence. His unyielding courage and admirable fortitude, bore him up bravely amid all his sufferings, and with the fiendish cruelties which savage imagination alone could contrive, ever before his eyes, he determined to die as he had lived—a brave man.

After securing their captive, the Indians shaped their course to the Chillicothe towns, where they informed Kenton he was to be sacrificed as a healing balm to the names of the deceased warriors, whose spirits he had hastened from their tenements. It would also be a gratifying indulgence to their relations to bathe their hands in the blood of him who had been the successful enemy of their tribe, and the victorious foeman of their race. In vivid colors were painted the horrid scenes through which he would be compelled to pass ere the light of life should be closed forever. Yet how far did they fall short of the reality!

Before they arrived at the place of destination, and, as Kenton thought, of death, an idea most novel and barbarous struck these savages, which afforded them much merriment at the expense of the prisoner. A wild, unbroken horse was brought, and amid the loud huzzas and shouts with which they made the woods resound, amid the frantic joy which their savage exhibitions portrayed, Kenton was mounted on its back, his hands tied behind him; and his feet under the animal. Then with a demoniac yell the lash was given, and away bounded the courser, through bush and through brier, bearing its novel burthen almost unconscious of the injuries every moment received. The world reeled. His brain was convulsed. His own fireside and the wife and little ones behind him, left at the home of his childhood—his many childish merriments and pastimes crossed memory's path; and one sigh, one groan deeply heaved from his bosom, flew up to heaven's chancery.

Without the means of warding from his defenceless and uncovered body, the lacerating powers of the brush and briars and underwood to which he was exposed, he pursued his resistless course till the animal, tired down with its wild efforts to disengage itself from its now insensible rider, joined in with the other horses in possession of the Indians. He was taken down from his unenviable situation, and the usual restoratives among Indians were administered. He recovered from the deep swoon into which he had fallen only to pains more agonizing than a thousand deaths. The cavalcade reached Chillicothe. He supposed it the end of his journey, and that at this place his earthly career would be terminated.

It was only a commencement of the sufferings and tortures he had to undergo. The stake was prepared, and he attached to it. He was detained in a standing position upwards of twenty-four hours. The fires were kindled, and the torments of the devouring element slowly applied to his body.

Taken more dead than alive from the ignited pile, he was compelled to 'run the gauntlet,' which he did at thirteen towns, receiving many blows and contusions. His death was now meditated; and at the next town the horrid and protracted agonies of fire were to be applied to him. But an unforeseen accident intercepted the design. Simon Girty, well known to fame as the deadliest enemy the white man ever had, was returned from an unsuccessful expedition, and hearing that a prisoner was in the village, he threw himself on him in the most violent manner, and was about to satiate his unhallowed vengeance; when Kenton recognizing Girty through his disguise, made himself known.

They had been associates and friends in early youth. They had braved the dangers of the chase together, and on one occasion, when they had extended their wanderings beyond the white man's range, Kenton, at the imminent hazard of his own life, rescued Girty from two savages who were in deadly contest with him. This, Girty never had forgotten. Though no feeling of sympathy had caused one thrill in his bosom, when, in the still hour of the night he strangled the slumbering infant in its cradle—though with a leering eye he had watched the hoary headed father breathe his last, and exulted in his expiring groans; yet this act of generous daring in his early friend, he had never forgotten. His influence with the Indians was incalculable. He determined to save his preserver, though at the hazard of his influence, perhaps his life. He prevailed upon them to give their prisoner up to him for his own personal gratification. Yet because they did not recognize any addition to Kenton's tortures they countermanded their consent, and he was marched off to Lower Sandusky to be burnt.

* * * * *

It was midnight. All nature was in the deepest hush. The moon was slowly sinking gloriously behind a dense cloud which skirted the horizon. Two dusky forms were seen stealing gently from the Indian camp. They came at length to a dead halt—their hands were mutually extended, and one thus spoke—

"Go, go, my friend, and may that heaven which is lost forever to the wretch beside you, bless you and yours.—Endeavor, if possible, to forget that such a creature is in existence, whose destiny has been woven by a wayward fate—whose cup of joy has been bitterness and dregs—whose home is with the heathen—whose wretchedness is stifled in their savage delights. My countrymen have made me what I am, and they reap their reward. Go to your happy home, find a safe habitation in the thick settlements and try to forget that such a man as Howard Stevens lives."

* * * * *

The sun rose brightly the next morning. Kenton was wending his way homeward, which he reached in safety. Girty returned to the Indian camp, where he was shortly after killed in a drunken broil, for having attempted the virtue of an Indian bride.

CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN.—A lawyer, at a circuit town, in Ireland, dropped a ten pound note under the table, while playing cards at the inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room, he was met by the waiter, who said, "I know what you want, sir, you have lost something. "Yes, I have lost a ten pound note." "Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is." "Thanks, my good lad, here's a sovereign for you." "No, sir, I want no reward for being honest;" but, looking at him with a knowing grin—"wasn't it lucky none of the gentlemen found it."

MISCELLANY.

A LITERARY WIFE.

How delightful it is (says D'Israeli in his "Curiosities of Literature,") when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband. It is then truly that the intercourse of the senses becomes the most refined pleasure. What delight, for instance, must the great Budæus have tasted, even in those works which must have for others a most dreadful labor; his wife left him nothing to desire. The frequent companion of his studies, she brought him the books required to his desk: she compared passages, and transcribed quotations; the same genius, the same inclinations, and the same ardor for literature, eminently appeared in these two fortunate persons. Far from withdrawing her husband from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side, and ever assiduous—ever with some useful book in her hand—she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Yet she did not neglect the education of eleven children. She and Budæus shared the mutual cares they owed their progeny. Budæus was not insensible of his singular felicity. In one of his letters he represented himself as married to two ladies, one of whom gave him boys and girls; the other was philosophy, who produced books. The lady of Evelyn designed herself the frontispiece to his translation of Lucretius. She felt the same passion in her own breast as animated her husband's, who has written with such ingenuity. Of Baron Halley it is recorded that he inspired his wife and family with his different pursuits. They were usually employed in assisting his literary occupations; they translated manuscripts, consulted authors, gathered plants, and designed and colored under his eye. What a delightful family picture has the younger Pliny given posterity in his letters! Of Calphurina, his wife, "her affection to me has given her a turn to books, and my compositions, which she takes pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her, from time to time, how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When, at any time, I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructor, for her guide. Her passion will increase with our days; for it is not my youth nor my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamoured."

LOOK AHEAD.

A WINTER SCENE.

"This is a free country!" said a person into whose ear we were dropping an unpalatable admonition,—a free country, and if one chooses to spend his money for moonshine, why, whose business is it;—now, this may be a very republican sort of argument, but there is no logic in it, and many a blusterer has found his obstreperousness a short cut to ruin. A friendly caution, well received and improved upon, may frequently save from bankruptcy and want—excuse us, therefore, respectable reader, if in pursuance of our good wishes for your welfare, we sketch you the outlines of a picture of prodigality, and consequent want.

What we have now to say, is intended for the edification of those people who are as good as any body

else, but are nevertheless dependent upon daily exertion, and a judicious and economical application of the income, in order to make "both ends meet."

We are a disciple of the economical Benjamin whose surname graces the head of our paper,—of course we must preach his doctrines.

Month of January.—about 10 o'clock in the morning—Moneyless and his family shivering over a few coals in the chimney corner.

M. Oh dear!—tough times these—too bad to be out of employment and out of money at the same time; I think, wife, if we had about fifty dollars we might crowd along through the remainder of the winter pretty comfortably.

WIFE. Well, if you had now what you have uselessly expended within six months, there might be a sound fifty dollar bill in your pocket this minute.

M. Why, wife, you bring a railing accusation against one, without any proof to sustain it,—for my part I do not remember having expended a sixpence unnecessarily.—(*Throws an old quid into the corner, and takes a fresh priming.*) You cannot rame—

WIFE. (*Interrupting him.*) There! there!—your tobacco!—that's not only an unnecessary, but ugh!—a hateful item of expense,—come, now,—you count up, while I repeat—

M. (*taking out his memoranda and pencil,*) Well, go on—don't reckon in any of your own extravagancies, (*gives a sarcastic smile.*)

WIFE. Let's see—we'll count from last August—set down at least, six dollars for tobacco and cigars. There's the time yourself and Tom Tippler went to —, and when you returned you were vexed for having been so foolish, because it cost you fifteen dollars besides the loss of time,—set that down.

M. Ahem!—(*pulls out his watch, to which is appended a splendid establishment,—his wife takes a look at the latter, and proceeds.*)

WIFE. And your watch establishment,—that may fairly be reckoned among the needless,—for there's Mr. —, worth half a million, and Mr. —, well known, and highly respected all over the city—yet neither of them wear costly chains or seals to their watches, and therefore you must set down the difference between the price of yours, and such as they wear—say twelve dollars at least. (*A knock at the door—a boy enters with a bill in his hand.*)—(Exit Mrs. M. very suddenly and quite confused)—gives it to Mr. M.

M. (*Opens the bill and reads.*)

NEW YORK, September, &c.

Mr. Job Moneyless,

To Toby Trinket, Dr.

To complete set of jewelry for lady,

Necklace, rings, &c. &c.

\$25,00

Cash, on account,

10,00

Balance,

\$15,00

Dismisses the boy with a "call again,"—adds the \$10, already paid, to his own account,—sums up the whole, and finds in the aggregate, a sum that would replenish the wood-house or coal-pit—put a decent pair of shoes upon his children's feet, and set his mind at rest for a whole fortnight—the longest period, that, generally speaking, a steady man need be out of a job.—*Franklin Daily Adv.*

From the New York Constellation.

DEMAND FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

Never were country cousins in so great demand as during these cholera times. Their value is now duly appre-

ciated. It is mighty convenient, when cities are overrun with the pestilence, to have some strong hold in the country to flee to. The humblest forty-fifth cousin, who is blessed with a little house room and a spare bed, in the country, is now by no manner of means to be sneezed at. These country relations, who were formerly shunned and disowned on account of their rusticity, are now acknowledged and embraced with the most remarkable cordiality.

Formerly, if they had been met in the streets of the city, they would not have been known; their more polished relations would have turned away and blushed to recognize them. "Oh, the frights!" they would have exclaimed—"it's enough to give one the horrors to look at them, much more to be claimed as relations." Many examples might be given to show the late rise in value of country cousins. The following will suffice.

Mr. Allspice, a retail grocer of this city, has a wife and eight children. Within a day's ride of the city, dwells a cousin, named Ploughshare—a substantial farmer, who brings his own produce to market; whose wife and daughters milk the cows, and make butter and cheese; and whose sons hold the plough and swing the scythe. In ordinary times there is no intercourse between the families; but in times of alarming sickness in the city, the case is materially altered. Then the Allspices very readily remember the relationship; and take advantage of it to find an asylum from the pestilence.

As soon as the present alarming disease appeared in the city, they all fled with the utmost haste to the country, closing the shop, and leaving it to take care of itself. They chartered a stage coach, and ordering the driver to put on the string as if the cholera were at his heels, they arrived at their cousin Ploughshare's the same day a little before night—safe and sound.

The farmer's family, not having yet heard that the cholera was in the city, were very much astonished to see their city cousins, but before they had time to express any surprise, Mrs. Allspice began—

"Well thank heaven! we're out of the way of the cholera at last! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! what a jaunt we've had. As I'm a living sinner, we hav'n't got out of the carriage before, since we first started. Mr. Allspice was for stopping on the road to dine; but no, says I, that will never do, the cholera may overtake us if we stop; and as for eating, says I, we shall get something good when we get to cousin Ploughshare's, I'll warrant it—Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord! how my legs are cramped."

"Ah, that's your own fault, Mrs. Allspice," said her husband, "you might have got out and stretched 'em; but you was in such a hurry to get here, you wouldn't stop a moment, and I lost my dinner by it."

"Fie! Pa," exclaimed Miss Jemima Allspice, "what a fuss you do make about your dinner. It's so wery vulgar to care anything about one's dinner, that I'm really ashamed of you."

"You needn't open your mouth, Mima," said Mr. J. Allspice, Jr. "for it's no slight matter to go without one's dinner: and you eat as much as any body, when you're to home. For my part, I'm unaccountably hungry, and have been this three hours."

"So am I," said Mr. Jerry Allspice; and, "So am I!" exclaimed several of the younger Allspices, nearly in a breath.

Mrs. Ploughshare, who was a woman of *works* rather than of *words*, had not waited for these hungry hints, but as soon as she saw her city cousins come tumbling out of the carriage, had set about getting them supper. A substantial country meal was soon provided; and the runaway city did ample justice to every part and parcel thereof—and none more so, than the delicate and ethereal Miss Jemima Allspice.

"What a charming spot you have here, cousin Ploughshare," said Mrs. Allspice.

"Why, for the matter of that," said Mr. Ploughshare, "it's well enough. I have a bit of good land, that yields us all the necessaries of life, and——"

"All the comforts too," interrupted Mrs. Allspice.—"What nice bread you have. And then your vegetables, and your fruit, and every thing, is so fresh! I do admire a country life."

"I'm contented with it," said Mr. Ploughshare.

"And so you ought to be," said Mrs. Allspice. "What a comfortable house you've got. I remember what a number of clean spare beds you had when I visited you the last time."

"That was when the yellow fever prevailed, ten years ago, I believe," said Mrs. Ploughshare.

"Exactly so," returned Mrs. Allspice, "we should have come oftener, but it's so difficult to get away. But you know, cousin Ploughshare, we esteem you above all our relations. I wonder in my heart you never call upon us when you come to the city."

"For my part," returned Mrs. Ploughshare, "I rarely go to the city at all."

"But you do, Mr. Ploughshare," said Mrs. Allspice.

"True," replied the farmer, "I go often to market; and used sometimes to take the liberty of calling at your house, but was always informed you were *not at home*."

Mrs. Allspice was a little nonplussed at this piece of the farmer's recollection, but making the best apology she could, proceeded to finish her supper.

Thus provided for, we leave the family of the city grocer in snug quarters, duly appreciating the value of their country cousins, whom they had not before thought of since the last yellow fever, when the whole family were quartered upon them for the space of at least a couple of months.

A REFORMATION.

"Will you please to buy me a pair of shoes, to go to School?" said a bright looking little girl to her father. The father took a shilling from his pocket, and showing it to the child answered, "that is all the money I have in the world." When I get money enough, my dear, I will buy a pair. He sat awhile puffing his cigar, and then calling to a little ragged bare-footed boy, told him to take the money and go the shop and get some *rum* and a little piece of *tobacco*. The mother cast at him a look of reproach not unmingled with sorrow, and the little girl sprung from her chair; O Father, I thought that you were going to save that to buy my shoes. I will bring you a tumbler of water, and mother says that is what God made for us to drink. Your mother is always filling your head with her notions, said her father, pushing the child from him. John soon returned with the tobacco and rum, and Mr. ———, took a glass before sitting down to their coarse and scanty dinner. He diluted a small portion and presented it to the lips of the babe. The mother uttered "don't Mr. ———" in a low voice, as if fearful the older children would observe, and turned the child away. Mr. ——— threw the contents of the cup on the well-scoured floor, muttering at the same time something about her foolish whims: and then added in a lower voice, I see how it is, the children will be taught to despise me in my own house. No, husband, said the wife mildly, they will always be taught by me to love and respect you; but I know, if you reflect a moment, you would be loth to create in your children an appetite for rum.—Let us say no more at present; I know you regret as much as I do the dangerous habits you have acquired, and I trust you will yet have resolution to leave it off. Mr. ——— looked round on his neat but ill furnished dwelling, and a tear started in his eye, as he looked at his pale delicate wife. Hannah, said he, you were never born to live in such a house. I don't mind privations myself, husband, but for your sake and the children's, I could wish we were differently situated. Our poverty now prevents our association with a class in which I know you are quali-

fied to shine, and in which, she added with a timid smile, such habits are less common. Yes, and these unfortunate habits serve to keep us where we are. Will you pardon me, husband, if I give you an evidence of it? You know we have none of us been able to attend meeting this summer, for the want of suitable clothing. For the last two months I have made a minute of the money John has carried to purchase spirit and tobacco. You would hardly have believed it, but it amounts to more than sufficient to purchase little Jane a bonnet and a pair of shoes, and me a comfortable gown.

And you, Hannah, have been suffering for the comforts of life, that I might indulge these destructive habits. How could you be so cheerful and patient, all the time? The wife burst into tears. Mr. — knew the character of his wife too well to suppose she desired any humiliating confessions and promises on his part. He said nothing of his future conduct, but he silently resolved, and that resolve was forever kept, that he would tamper no more with these pernicious stimulants. Theirs is now a lovely family, inhabiting a neat, tastefully furnished dwelling, which he has purchased by his industry and frugality, and they are surrounded by all the comforts and little elegancies of life. Mr. — is now as much respected for his temperance, integrity, and sound understanding, as his wife is for her goodness, benevolence and piety.

THE SALTED PUDDING.

OR, TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH.

I had been journeying all day with my merry old friend, *Uncle Jacob*, as every one calls him, and both of us had become completely "jogged." At length we came to a public house, having the sign of a golden ball. "Here," said my droll companion, "we shall find small potatoes, or I lose my guess, for I never had any great opinion of these pumpkin taverns." But fatigued as we were, indifferent lodgings would be acceptable, rather than to push on farther. So, after seeing to our beast, which was pretty well provided for, we called for refreshment for ourselves. We soon found that Uncle Jacob's guessing was not far out of the way, for all the house seemed to be in a state of dishabille. "All slattern and slipshod," said he, as he passed from bar-room to kitchen, reconnoitering. They promised to pick up something to stay our stomachs. It was Saturday evening, and the landlady had commenced the work of making hasty pudding, according to New England custom. As my companion and I were seated by the bar-room fire, a stout strapping wench, not the sweetest and most delicate in all the world, brought in a dish of hashed meat, and placing it upon the hearth, left it uncovered. There was a great bull dog in one corner, and three cats in the other. Jowler scented the savoury morsel and made for the dish. I was about to drive him off, but Uncle Jacob, shaking his head significantly, pushed me back. So the dog commenced operations and soon finished the work, licking the platter clean. Uncle Jacob watched him attentively all the while, and when he had done his meal, he went to the kitchen door, and grave as a churchman, addressed the lady—"Madam, the dog has done, and I suppose it is our turn next." There was a most terrible hurly in the family, and father and mother and daughter were all by the ears! The canine gentleman had disposed of all their fresh meat, and by way of aiding his digestion, Dolly had made him feel the force of one of her ponderous hoofs, and sent him headlong out of doors. To ease the matter, and comfort our poor hostess, we told her that we could sit down with the family, if she pleased, to a

dish of good hasty pudding, which was a favorite of both.

Fondly now I awaited the enjoyment of this charming Yankee repast. Uncle Jacob, however, was not at all satisfied with their slovenly appearance about the house, and, though now in no fear of the dog, he chose to take a peep into the kitchen lest all should not go on in so cleanly a style as our own worthy grandmothers were wont to have it. "John," said the landlady to the boy, "I am going to run over to Mr. Darby's a minute. Tell Dolly to remember to salt the pudding." But John heard only the three last words and so administered the salt himself. Next came Dolly, intent on seeing the cookery well attended to, and gave it another seasoning. By and by the mother returned, and the family being all out, concluded nothing had been done as she had directed, and so she dashed in another handful, and giving it a hearty stir, went up stairs. Presently the old man came bolting in from the stable. He stood enjoying the smoking mush for a minute, muttering over to himself, "I'll bet a goose there's no salt in it," and then going to the salt-box he took a fist full, and shook it into the pudding. "Our turn next," said Uncle Jacob, as the landlord passed into the bar-room, and in went the fifth handful!

Now reader, behold us all around the old pine table with each a bowl of milk and a pan of hominy foaming in the centre! All, but the rogue Jacob, anticipated a charming feast. The landlord took the lead. He made out to gobble down one spoonful, when, as soon as his throat was at liberty, he dashed his spoon upon the table with violence, and vociferated aloud—"In the name of Lot's wife, Cape Cod and Turk's Island, what have ye got here?—who salted the pudding, Dorcas?" "Why? why?—what's the matter, Mr. Blaney? It was I that salted the pudding." "Why, mother," said Dolly, "it was I that salted the pudding." "Well, I know granny told me to salt it, so I did, by jinks," says the boy. "Gallows take it!" cried the old man, "did you all salt the pudding? What a potter is here! I was determined the business should not be neglected, and so I chucked in a handful." "And I, too," said Uncle Jacob, "supposing it to be the custom of the family, followed suit." "Oh! flanders and flamination!"—ejaculated the host, "what shall be done now?"

I really felt a sympathy for the disappointed people, and determined to get rid of as much trouble as possible, so called for bread and cheese, and with this did we make out a tolerable supper, washing it down with small beer. I undertook to scold uncle Jacob, after we had retired to lodgings, for carrying his fun to such a pitch; but it was to no purpose. "I was determined to eat none of their flammery," said he, "and was glad to experience the truth of the old adage, that too many cooks spoil the broth."

LOVE AND ITS EFFECTS.

Love is like honesty, much talked of and little understood; like common sense, valuable and scarce. The miser calls it a bad mortgage—the stock-jobber, a sinking fund—the doctor, a hypochondria—the lawyer, a suit in chancery—the soldier, his parole of honour—and the sailor, the mariner's compass.

An Englishman in Love amuses himself with the blue devils. Ask him a question, and I'll hold a thousand pounds to a ducat, you feel insulted by his answer; for instance—

"Fine morning, Mr Bull."

"I've seen thousands finer."

"How are you to-day, sir."

"Don't know—can't tell."

"What ails you, friend John?"

"What the devil business have you with my ailings?"

An Irishman in love, (and who loves like him?) gets merry with *Innishowen*, then exclaims: "Och! Sheelah! Sheelah! my box of diamonds! my essence of cruelty! my pearl of pearls, and my flower of all flowers, except the potatoe flower! Arrah, dear, why will you shut your one eye against little Terrence M'Gladdery! Hav'nt I got a gentale, commodious, lofty, nate little mud edifice? Hav'nt I got a cow and a turf stack to feed her with? Hav'nt I got an empty flower garden full of potatoes? Och-an-ey? ever since you stole my heart, I feel it banging against my ribs like the pendulum of a cookoo-clock! Sheelah, dear, widout you be mine, poor Terrence will be after dying an old maid! By the powrrs of buttermilk, he'll just go off like the snuff of a rush-light—so he will."

A Scotchman in love takes a pickle o'sneeshun frae his mull, an' whyles claws his elbows when it disna yuk. "Hoch Donald! man, what i' the muckle deil's name's come ow'r ye noo! Fye, fye, dinna let Maggey M'Cree's pawkey e'en thirl ye through. Ruise, ye! ruise ye, chiel." "O Sawney, Sawney! len' me ye'r lug a wee bit, my descreet frien'an, keep a secret. It's no her twa gim'let ee'n or painted face, I'in courtin'—its her siller! her siller!"

A Welchman in love, looks as silly as the goats on his mountains—he refuses leek porridge and toasted cheese—thus proving the power of the blind archer to be the same in every country. Poor Sheukin ap Morgan ap Shones, pe very bad—heart go pit-a-pat all day!

"Hur cannot work—Hur cannot play—
Hur cannot sleep—Hur can't be gay—
O luf hur, do, Winifred—luf hur as your life,
And Skeukin and Winifred soon will be man and wife."

A Dutchman in love is as cold as a confectioner's ice house, and a Spaniard as hot as a gril'd devil; a lawyer in love pleads away his soul, and a love sick doctor physics away his soul—by the bye a doctor must be sick indeed when he takes his own physic; a musician in love fiddles away his soul, and a poet rhymes away his soul.

From the Raleigh Register.

THE AMERICAN SNOW BIRD.

There are some things in the history of Nature involved in mystery and obscurity. Others can only be explained by the scientific reasoning of learned men, and others dependent on certain facts, which have never been discovered or investigated. In the course of one's life, various objects are presented to our view, calculated to awaken our curiosity and arrest our attention. The habits of the American Snow Bird were unintelligible to me from infancy. I concluded, however that my ignorance would be dissipated when manhood advanced, and that the books of Ornithologists would tell me all about the pretty little blue bird with two snow-white feathers in its tail.

To my surprise, these only taught me what I knew before. According to them, the Snow Bird is remarkable for the obscurity which hangs round its history. On the first approach of Winter, it suddenly makes its appearance in very numerous flocks, about the fences and hedges, and the uninhabited houses of plantations. The inclemency of the weather seems to make it court the society of man. No one could heretofore tell me whence it came or whither it went. Some supposed it to be another bird, which by some mysterious and irresistible power, entirely changed its plumage. My doubts are now removed, and I am no longer compelled to believe the incredulous stories of the conversion of frogs and field Sparrows and Snow birds. They migrate to the mountains in summer, both for the purposes of propagation and of enjoying an atmosphere congenial to their nature. They cannot live in hot climates; and excessive cold will destroy them. When the mountains become uninhabitable, by the congelation of ice and snow, and the berries

which serve them for sustenance are destroyed, they pay their complements to us of the plain.

The following facts I derived from Governor Stokes, in one of his interesting accounts of his own history. As one of the Commissioners to survey the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee, he passed over the Smoky Mountain, for a distance of about eight miles. It is so thickly covered with trees and undergrowth, as to be almost impassable; and ground whortleberries are its chief production. Bears and numerous other wild beasts resort to it as a place of refuge when pursued by the hunters; and on the whortleberry bushes, Snow birds build their nests. The Providence of God is nowhere more conspicuous, than in the protection of the innocent inhabitants of the Smoky Mountain. From some cause or other, Snakes do not establish their abode there, to devour the helpless callow of the apparent rightful owners of the shrubs and underwood. When this bird visits us, it delights to hover near stacks and meadows, feeding on the seed which they contain; while in very bleak weather, when the earth is covered with snow, it may be attracted to windows of a house, by placing a few crumbs on the sill—the desolation around causing it to forget its natural fear of man. A feeling of melancholy crosses the mind, and a mournful sadness depresses the heart, when the wide and dreary landscape, deserted by all other light tenants of the barren air, is only enlivened by the presence of the pitiful Snow Bird. Yet even in the bitterest season, it is always gay and lively; and the scenery around seems to have no saddening effect on its cheerful heart. What a lesson was I taught,

While left, in childhood's rainbow hours,
I've watch'd thee at the parlour pane,
Hiding thee from ruthless showers,
'Till vernal airs shall breathe again.

O, how my youthful eyes would strain,
Pursuing in the wayward track;
How oft I've spread the attractive grain,
To bring thy wandering pinions back!

Yes, gentle bird! I mind the time,
Thou'st sported round my window seat—
Thoughtless of evil as of crime,
Pleas'd, it would seem, my face to greet.

And feeding with confiding stay,
On tiny crumbs I threw to thee;
'Twere base, 'twere cruel to betray,
A bird that ne'er had injured me!

There breathes an everlasting Power,
Unknown, but felt; unseen but heard;
He clothes each tree, he tints each flower;
His arm protects my darling bird.

Let winter come with stormy voice,
Let snow wreaths crown each highest hill;
He bids thee in the storm rejoice,
He sees, protects and feeds thee still.

COMBAT BETWEEN A TOAD AND A HORN BUG.—The persons who relate the following anecdote were eye witnesses to the fact. A common sized toad was seen approaching a horn bug in a manner which seemed to indicate some evil design. The spectators accordingly paused a moment to watch the result. The aggressor, after a few moments reconnoitering, leaped upon his intended victim, seized him between his jaws, and was about to bear him away in triumph; the horn bug not relishing such treatment, immediately commenced a struggle for release, by making use of his horns, which compelled his gigantic adversary to quit his hold. The captive, encouraged by such unexpected success, seized hold of one of the toad's hind legs, and continued his grasp a short time, perhaps to punish him for his unbecoming conduct. The horn bug was finally pleased to detach himself, at which the toad made his retreat into the grass.—*New Haven Adv.*

A FROZEN LOVER.

The Lynn Messenger tells a good story of a courting expedition. The following is the tail end of it, and contains the essence of the joke:—

One hour and three quarters brought Mr. Watson to the door of the Mason Mansion, in Swampscot aforesaid. All was still within, and no light could be seen. He gave a loud rap with his knuckles, not however dismounting, which being unheeded, he gave another still louder. At length a night-capped head protruded from a basement window; he called, pronouncing his name, and a gruff female voice, which he at once recognised as that of a maiden lady of some forty years, answered, bidding him "begone, and not disturb peaceable folks at that time of night, chasing after the gals." The window closed, and all was soon still again. He now rapped with redoubled violence, and finally a stirring was heard. The door opened, a light had been struck, and he was bid welcome by a sweet voice. But, as he eagerly made an effort to dismount, what was his surprise on finding that some portions of his dress had froze stiff to the saddle. He informed Mr. Mason of the uncomfortable predicament he was in, asking his *fatherly* advice as to the best mode of procedure. "Why, sure enough what is to be done!" said the old man, endeavoring to disengage him. "Pour a tea-kettle of hot water on him!" answered the gruff voice above mentioned. But this was no joke; poor Mr. Watson was suffering terribly from the cold, and averred that he could stand it but a few minutes longer.—Mr. Mason soon perceived that it was impossible to sever the strong attachment so recently formed between the unfortunate man's garments and dobbin's saddle, without the application of heat. A large fire was accordingly built in the kitchen, and by main strength, all the family assisting, even to the maiden lady before alluded to, he was dragged in, saddle and all, and stretched upon the hearth, there to remain till the congealed element should be dissolved. Under ordinary circumstances, the man would have been frozen to death; but, in this case, such a catastrophe was prevented by the *internal* heat of the subject.

Mr. Watson remained at Swampscot till his recovery, which was some weeks. And it being acknowledged, on all hands, cruel that he should again be obliged to excuse himself in the manner he had, he was happy on his return to Boston, in taking with him with Mrs. Polly Watson, to which name she was lawfully entitled, as the parish record will testify.

A STREET DIALOGUE—ON DIET.

Cuffee. Wy Cato, what you goin to do wid dem are quash, and dem are mutton chop, what you got in you basket?

Cato. Wy wat a fool question you ax Cuff! I'm a goin to eat 'em to be sure.

Cuff. Eat 'em! My gosh! You die, Cato, sartin you eat 'em.

Cato. Wal, pose I do, Cuff! Wat den? I muss die wen my time come, werrer no.

Cuff. Yes, but you die fore you time come sartin you no take better care you diup. De Collar kill you, sartin you eat dem are nassy quash and dem are ogis mutton chop.

Cato. [Looking black.] You tink so, Cuffee?

Cuff. Tink so! Why, I no tink noffin about it—I know so. I hab de proof all round me. Twenty-leb-ben my acquaintance die sence de Collar come—and dey all, without deception, eat one ting or annurrer. Wat you tink o' dat, Cato, ha?

Cato. Dat is berry alarmin, I muss say, Cuffee; but

are you sure any on 'em eat de quas and de mutton chop?

Cuff. Are I sure! Wy how long will you spute my word, Cato? I tell you, dere was Sambo Caesar, he eat a hearty meal o' pork and taters, and next day he was underneeye Potiphar's field. Den dere was Pompey Ticklip, he eat a hearty dinner o' green pease and tinglingy beam, and in less an tree hour he catch a cramp, turn blue in de face, and folly arter Sambo Caesar. Den dere was Dinah Phillisy, a strong hearty wench as ebber walk on two leg, she pay no tention to her diup, but she eat hot corn and suckletash, now she underneeye de sod too. Den moreober, dere was Tom Traityshin, wat kep a wittlin house down suller, he eat sebben hard bile eggs and a pown a gammon, for supper, so dat they need'nt be loss and, gosh amighty! fore de mornin light he wake in tod-der worl. Den, moreober besides, dere was—O, lod-dy!—dere was ebber so many ob 'em die wid eatin dis ting, and dat ting, and todder ting—I tell you Cato, dat unless you pay more tention to you diup, you sartinly die sure you lib.

Cato. Wat muss I eat, den, Cuffee?

Cuff. Eat! Wy, de safess way is not to eat noffin at all, den you no 'spose yourself.

THE YANKEE'S VISIT TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS.—Sir Joseph Banks hearing that there was a man in London who had crossed the Atlantic in a boat alone, was desirous of seeing him, and got some American to go to the hotel, and contrive ways to bring him to his house. This was easily effected.—Shackford, in company with Captain Follansbee, paid Sir Joseph a visit. They were asked into a room devoted to natural history. Shackford looked around, and was pleased to see so many things which were so many real curiosities, preserved so well. At last he saw a young crocodile in a tub of water, and took notice of him, as he appeared above and now below the surface. Sir Joseph soon made his entry. "Is this Mr. Shackford, who has crossed the Atlantic alone in a boat?" inquired Sir Joseph. "Yes, Sir," was the reply, "I have done that, Sir." "What were your sensations in the ocean, alone?" was the next inquiry. "Why, Sir, I suppose you mean to ask me how I felt on my voyage; I was sometimes dry, and I drank; I was sometimes hungry, and I ate; I was sleepy, and I dozed a little; that was easy, for I had a nice cubby, and I fixed a tiller there, and slept with the helm in my hand—and there was no great difficulty in that." "What mathematical instrument had you?" was the next inquiry. "Why, a compass and an axe, a pair of pistols, and the sword General Pulawski gave me." "How was you sure you was right in your course?" "I was not sure, but I guessed that I was right, as I steered east when I had got pretty well up to the north, and that I knew would take me to England, or somewhere thereabouts; and that was right enough for one whose time was his own, and who owned the craft he was in, and had plenty of provisions on board." "You have, Sir," said Shackford, "a fine omnium gatherum here; what are you going to do with the crocodile you got there?" "I am about preparing a paper to read before the Society upon his habits and nature, which I shall read to-morrow. Do you know any thing about the animal, Mr. Shackford?" "I lived three years in the West Indies, where they were as thick as grasshoppers." "Have you ever heard their means to entice and allure travellers to come to them, in order, as many writers in natural history have mentioned, that they may secure them as their prey?" inquired the philosopher. "No, they never did any such thing, for a good reason,—they have no tongues

to make a clear sound with; and they cannot make any noise, except one of bringing their jaws together. They move the upper jaw, and somehow bring it down with great force, and a single sound proceeds from this; but how can a thing moan without a tongue? Look into his mouth, and you will find that he has no more tongue than the great elephant I saw the other day in this city." "Why," said Sir Joseph, "you do not mean that an elephant has no tongue?" "Yes I do," replied Shackford, "mean to say that he had no tongue; and what does he want one for, as he has such a thing at the end of his nose, by which he can feel a thing as nicely as a lady's finger could, and then use it as a sledge hammer, to knock one's brains out with?" "How do you know this to be a fact," inquired Sir Joseph, "that he has no tongue?" "Why, in the very best way in the world; I looked into his mouth until I was satisfied of the fact; and then it stood to reason in my mind that he did not want one, with so fine a tool as he has, for the purpose of hands, tongue, and sword." "Well," said Sir Joseph, not a little mortified, "the crocodiles are very ferocious and dangerous." "Why," said Shackford, "they have a good large mouth of their own, and an ugly looking set of teeth, but they very seldom attack a man, a very slight splash in the water generally frightens them off. Once in a while they will catch a young negro in the water, but the old ones don't mind them any more than musketoes." Sir Joseph's paper would not do; all his ornament of that wondrous-meaning and great fierceness at last had opposers. To end the conversation, and hie off to the tower, or to Exeter Change, to see the elephant, was now evidently Sir Joseph's wish, but Shackford seemed in no hurry to go. Sir Joseph, in trying to hide his impatience, made several hasty inquiries.

"Did you ever see a collection like this before." "No," said Shackford; "the nearest like it is at my old barber's shop, the other side of the water. He has a stuffed alligator; the skin of a dog-fish; several handsome lizards, and the head of a catamount; the last he sets more store by, as that gives him an opportunity once a week, to tell the story of the animal's having jumped from tree to tree with a child in his mouth. I have heard the story a hundred times, and he never told it twice alike. I don't care much about seeing these altogether, but love to see them in those parts where they are natural; and that is one reason why I rove round the world so." "Mr. Shackford, what books do you carry with you in your voyages and travels?" "The Bible, Sir, Watt's Psalms and Hymns, and Robinson Crusoe, not many others. I look around and read the book of nature, and generally pick up something worth remembering," was the reply. "I should think," said Sir Joseph, "that you would find many things that would puzzle you in your researches." "I do," said Shackford, "and so does every man I ever saw. Now, Sir Joseph, let me make plain what I mean: can you tell me what animal that is of the Nile, which is born with a tail, without legs,—and dies if he comes to his growth, with four legs, without a tail?" Sir Joseph pondered. "Why," said Shackford, "it is a frog. When a *POLYWOG*, he has a tail; but when he becomes a frog, he has four legs without a tail. I placed his birth in the Nile, which deceived you, learned Sir, but you know the frog is found in every mud puddle in creation, as well as the Nile. "Now," said Shackford, "I have great love for learned men, but they don't know every thing." Sir Joseph was glad to get rid of the maniac who had crossed the Atlantic alone in a boat, something more than his friend Cook had done, when the navigator and the philosopher had quarrelled.

From the New York Atlas.

THE BRIDE.

Condemn me not, that I did wed,—

Condemn me not unheard;

For, ah! I had resistless cause—

I had, upon my word.

The ruthless years were hurrying on,

And brought no swain to me,

Till eighteen hundred thirty one,

When I numbered *twenty-three*!

Thou know'st, alas! thou truly know'st

No art was left untried,

To make poor Green a blissful spouse,

And me a happy bride.

He kissed and twined my clustering curls,

And hung enraptured o'er,

Till that most fatal night, he dropped

Their glories on the floor.

And Clinton, too, he praised my teeth,

Until he heard of Flagg,

And learnt the pearl that graced my mouth,

Had some time gemmed my bag.

And Wilson swore my "twinkling feet"

Were like the Maid of Lorn's,

Until he found their beauties cost

The sore expense of corns!

Dear little Hobanob I lost,

Because I was so tall;

And that unmeasured Rubadub

Declared I was too small.

And Wilson heard me scold "the man,"

And Johnson beat "the maid—"

Was ever poor unfortunate

So wretchedly betrayed?

Thou knowest the mild philosophy

Of this o'erflowing heart;

How light the chain will rest upon

My present better part.

I did not ask for store of love,

But only store of cash;

And cut the hope of sentiment,

In hope to cut a dash.

Gently our peaceful lives will glide,

Like some unruffled dream;

He, wedded to his peerless wife,

And I, to cakes and cream!

And while bright Fashion's leading star,

I grace the gay quadrille:

My friendly spouse will stay at home,

To keep the Children still!

AN OLD JOKE IN A NEW DRESS.

However you may sneer, says Ned,

My friend's no fool—he has a head.

True says the other, with a grin,

He has a head—so has a pin.

PORES OF THE HUMAN BODY.—The skin of the human body is a very curious object for the microscope. By cutting a very thin piece with a very sharp knife or razor, and placing it to a good microscope, a multitude of small pores will be seen, through which the perspirable matter is supposed to be perpetually transmitted. These are seen in the second or under skin. There are said to be 1000 pores in the length of an inch, and of course in the surface of an inch square there will be one million, through which either the sensible or the insensible perspiration is continually issuing.

If there are 1,000,000 pores in every square inch, the following calculation is made of the number in the whole body; The surface of the body of a middle sized person is reckoned to contain fourteen feet; and as each foot contains 144 inches, the number of pores will be 2,016,000, 000.—*Sailor's Magazine.*

THE HAYFIELD.

From the Ladies' Cabinet of Fashion, Music and Romance

I love the month of June, for many reasons. It is the middle of the year, when the sun attains his extreme point in our sky, and begins his receding course. It is the bloom of summer, when every rose is in its highest beauty and fragrance. Its mornings are a balm and merriment, the birds singing with their utmost glee amid the still tenderly green leaves of the trees; but its evenings, especially if you chance to live as I do, in the bosom of an amphitheatre of hills covered with meadows, are heaven itself. Then the new mown hay is gathered in small cocks, and the evening breeze, coming from the hills, brings with it a perfume sweeter than all the spices of Arabia, which fills every room of my cottage. I open all my lattices to receive it, and walk in my garden to breathe its dewy freshness, until the brightening stars remind me of the hour of sleep.

There is nothing more joyous in nature than a well heaped hayfield, particularly in England. In other countries they are obliged to have recourse to artificial grasses which have very little odour, but ours is, as somebody has called it, "the chosen land of hay." Its abundance and, above all, its rich fragrance are no where to be rivalled. How delightful is it to see the rustic boys and girls, lads and lasses, from ten years up to twenty, tossing about the heaps, and presenting every part of them to the sun, glowing, but not yet too intensely, above their heads, browning their laughing cheeks, and smiling propitiously on their light and useful labour! How often, when, at a distance, I have heard the merry song, the loud burst of laughter ringing down the hill side, have I wished to mingle amongst them, and share in their humble, but unpurchaseable pleasure! I have tried it more than once, but I could not get on far. Unaccustomed to exposure to the sun, and to any kind of bodily toil, for I cannot even dig a garden bed, or prune a vine, I soon gave up, and got tittered at for my pains. But I have no objection to throw myself on a bank, and admire the pretty haymakers who abound among my hills. There is one, the pride of them all, whose name for the present I am pledged to keep secret, (as it is not improbable that she may change it before the end of the summer,) whose gentle face and sylph-like figure I have prevailed upon a friend to sketch for me, while, she, unconscious of our observation, was occupied in gathering the scattered remnants of the harvest. With what a simple grace she handles that rude rake! What a light angelic form is there! How beautifully do those clustering curls, divided on her forehead with so much unsought elegance, shade the oval outline of her thoughtful and innocent countenance! Before the end of summer did I say? The bridegroom elect had better look to her, for I hereby give him notice, that I am over head and ears in love with her myself, and if he does not marry her before the expiration of this present month of June, I will. What magnificent arms! What a taper hand! What a delicate waist! I shall give him but a fortnight. The old church is very near. You may see its ivy-mantled tower just behind her mother's cottage. What a divine but—as fair and as pure as the virgin snow—and almost as ripe as the autumnal apple! On my conscience he shall have but a week!

Happy fellow! there he is, yonder, assisting her father to load the waggon, which is soon to go, creaking under its fragrant burthen, to the farm-yard. Depend upon it he steals many a glance, in the intervals of work, at his beautiful intended, and it is more than probable (how I envy them!) that when the field is cleared, they will, by some chance or other, be found seated together under those shady trees. Will they talk much? I guess not. They have eyes, and those captivating organs of unlettered discourse will say some eloquent and beguiling things to each other. Then their evening walk home—their pauses to listen to the nightingale—that little real goddess of love, whose unearthly notes make us ashamed of ourselves, if, when we hear them, our very hearts be

not brimful of every kindly affection; then the influence of the soft air—the gentle tremulous motion of the trees—the distant tinkle of the sheep-bell—the occasional warning of the watch-dog—the village-clock—the mystic humming in the atmosphere—the low desultory chirping of the birds—the varied voices of children playing on the heath; all these enchanting sounds tell the lovers that they are alone, and their feelings in one united current of bliss, for which no language furnishes expression.

Would it not be cruel to disturb their happiness, even for a moment? Alas! it is but too true. Well—well, he may take her. Still, considering that there are many gay sparks about; considering that many accidents may happen between the cup and the lip; considering that life itself is very uncertain: considering that jealousy is not far off wherever love is present; considering, that in addition to the gay sparks about, there are many very pretty lasses among my hills, I would advise you haymaker to be very careful of—pshaw! the fellow has just told me that they were married last Monday!

THE GARDEN.—A series of articles under this title are now publishing in the Gazette, printed at Port Carbon in this state. The author writes in a very pleasing style, and his endeavors to promote the cultivation of **THE VINE**, deserve to be imitated throughout the country. His articles furnish full instructions as to planting, pruning, &c. We insert below his seventh number:—

"As a large majority of my readers will have room for but a single vine, pruned and cultivated on the plan I shall suggest, my first numbers are calculated particularly for them; but the same principles will apply to the cultivation to any extent, and I must depend upon their being remembered by those who may adopt the course of culture hereafter to be designated for the **AMERICAN VINEYARD**.

The preparation of the ground is of primary importance. If the soil be light and shallow, the plant is likely to perish from two causes; in the summer by drought, and in the winter by frost. To avoid these injuries, dig out the bed from three to four feet deep. If the ground you have selected be light and porous, four inches of clay should be placed at the bottom; then throw in any good garden soil—but if bones, horn slugs, or old shoes can be had, the vine will delight to extend its roots among them, and they should be well mixed in with the earth, eighteen inches or two feet below the surface, where the roots will be out of danger. This four feet of ground will answer for two or three years, when, if your vine has grown vigorously, it will require additional nourishment and space for the roots; but I presume that most persons would at once prepare ground so as to suffice for many years. If a brick pavement is to cover the bed, a few inches of sand may be placed on the surface to imbed the bricks, which should not be so closely joined as usual. This pavement may be brought within a foot of the vine. It will be perceived that I admit of no excuse for not possessing a vine; those who have no room for a single garden bed may have their clean brick walk under the shade of one of luxurious growth—the expense is trifling, compared with its permanent advantages. I have known a single vine, cultivated in this way, to produce in one single season fruit which sold for more than one hundred and fifty dollars—and a neighbor of mine, who keeps a shoe store, could show on a vine seven years old, nearly seven hundred bunches of sweet water grapes, well ripened—yet he had no room for a single garden bed, and trained his vine over a brick pavement. Some of his leisure hours were thus innocently and delightfully

occupied without any interference with his business. We will commence with—

THE CUTTING.

This should be selected from round well ripened wood, of last summer's growth; from four to six buds, according to the distance of the joints; cut it midway between the joints, sloping opposite to the bud. Place it in a sloping position in the ground, two eyes out of ground, the lower one even with the surface. Be careful to place it so that the eyes may throw out branches parallel with the bars of the trellis. Let the soil in immediate contact with the cutting be very fine and rich; water it frequently until fairly rooted, which is always the case when the shoots are six or eight inches long; break off the weakest, and as the other advances, tie it with bass to a pole, taking off with the thumb and forefinger all the lateral shoots; thus keeping one clean handsome shoot, which receiving all the nourishment of the roots, and being exposed to the light and air, will generally be of the most vigorous growth.

Preparation for the second year—At the pruning season cut down this shoot to four eyes; when they have advanced a few inches, in the spring select the two best shoots train them on poles or to the trellis, as directed for the first year.

The third year—Shorten a little the best shoot, and cut the other down to three eyes; the long shoot may be suffered to bear some fruit; as the buds put forth, the best fruit bearers will be readily discovered; those which are not strong may be rubbed off, but one shoot at the end of this branch must be divested of fruit, and retained as a leader. Retain two of the best shoots from the other branch, and train them eighteen inches or two feet apart, but three or four feet from the fruit-bearing branch, always taking off the laterals, and laying the wood in on the trellis as at first directed; we are then advanced to the fourth year, and have at the pruning season two new vigorous shoots, and one fruit bearing branch with numerous shoots; shorten one of the new shoots to four eyes, and the other down only to the sound well ripened wood, tie them snugly to the trellis; the fruit branches, if adjoining each other, five feet apart. Then for this season we have two fruit bearing branches—select a leader for each of these, and prune and train them as directed for the third year, from the branch shortened to four eyes train two or three, as before directed. You are then advanced to the fifth year, when the pruning must be made to suit the place to be covered, always keeping in mind the absolute necessity of light and air; a branch of the old wood must be occasionally removed, and replaced with young wood, which the intelligent cultivator will find no difficulty in furnishing. Having advanced thus far, I must observe, that my calculations have been made for a vigorous vine, but a vine can be pruned on the plan suggested, according to its strength, the pruning recommended for the second or third year may be deferred until the plant has acquired the requisite vigor. Sometimes a year may be saved by purchasing a thrifty vine from a nursery man. Bass or matting may always be had of the nursery men, some of which should always be in readiness for use."

SWISS LEGEND OF WILLIAM TELL.

The following extract respecting the hero of Switzerland is taken from a most valuable and excellent work, "The History of Switzerland," which forms the 36th volume of Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia* :—

William Tell, who was one of the sworn at Rutli, and noted for his high and daring spirit, exposed himself to arrest by Gessler's myrmidons, for passing the

hat without making obeisance. Whispers of conspiracy had already reached the vogt, and he expected to extract some farther evidence from Tell on the subject. Offended by the man's obstinate silence, he gave loose to his tyrannical humor, and knowing that Tell was a good archer, commanded him to shoot from a great distance at an apple on the head of his child. God, says an old chronicler, was with him: and the vogt, who had not expected such a specimen of skill and fortune, now cast about for new ways to entrap the object of his malice; and, seeing a second arrow in his quiver, asked him what that was for? Tell replied evasively, that such was the usual practice of archers. Not content with this reply, the vogt pressed on him farther, and assured him of his life, whatever the arrow might have been meant for. "Vogt," said Tell, "had I shot my child, the second shaft was for THEE; and be sure I should not have missed my mark a second time!"—Transported with rage, not unmixed with terror, Gessler exclaimed, "Tell! I have promised thee life, but thou shalt pass it in a dungeon." Accordingly, he took boat with his captive, intending to transport him across the lake to Kussnacht in Schwytz, in defiance of the common right of the district, which provided that its natives should not be kept in confinement beyond its borders. A sudden storm on the lake overtook the party; and Gessler was obliged to give orders to loose Tell from his fetters, and commit the helm to his hands, as he was known for a skilful steersman. Tell guided the vessel to the foot of the great Axenberg, where a ledge of rock, distinguished to this day as Tell's platform, presented itself as the only possible landing-place for leagues around. Here he seized his cross-bow, and escaped by a daring leap, leaving the skiff to wrestle its way in the billows. The vogt also escaped the storm, but only to meet a fate more signal from Tell's bow in the narrow pass near Kussnacht. The tidings of his death enhanced the courage of the people, but also alarmed the vigilance of their rulers, and greatly increased the dangers of the conspirators, who kept quiet. These occurrences marked the close of 1307.

A GOLDEN RULE.—Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find him strings for it. Neither the purse nor the strings will cost him any thing. He who has it should draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny at the bottom of it. The servants of industry are known by their livery; it is whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the ragged slaves of idleness, and judge which is the best master to serve, industry or idleness.

A countryman going into the Probate office where the wills are kept in huge volumes on the shelves, asked if they were all bibles? "No, sir," replied one of the clerks: "they are testaments."

A gentleman asked another, how his friend, who was involved in debt, came to drown himself? "Because he could not keep his head above water," was the reply.

A man named Hog being condemned for murder by Lord Bacon, humbly implored his mercy by a little ill timed wit, observing it not unlikely he might be a distant relation from the similarity of their names. "No, no," said his lordship, "that can never be; at any rate Hog is not Bacon till it is hanged, so you must be hung before you can claim kindred with me."

ANTI-FUMIGATION.—On the 21st of August, in Boston, a man named Joseph Dominick, a hackdriver by profession, was compelled, by a mulctuary order, to pay two dollars and costs of court for smoking a segar in the street.

NOTES OF A UNIVERSAL READER.

"Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

Never quit your hopes. Hope is often better than enjoyment. Hope is often the cause as well the effect of youth. It is certainly a very pleasant and healthy passion. A hopeless person is deserted by himself; and he who forsakes himself is soon forsaken by friends and fortune.

Every man has in his own life follies enough—in his own mind troubles enough—in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough—in his own fortunes evils enough—without minding other people's business.

Pythagoras said that it was necessary to make war upon five things—the maladies of the body, the ignorance of the mind, the passions of the heart, public sedition and private discord.

An inviolable fidelity, good humor and complacency of temper outlive the charms of a fine face, and makes the decay of it invisible.

There are few friendships that can abide a continued community, either of intercourse or property.

Religion gives to time all its importance, and to eternity all its glory, and without it existence is a mere riddle.

KILLING NO MURDER.—"I'd kill him," said one young lady to another, "I'd kill him, if he served me so!"—"Oh, but you would not commit murder, would you?"—"No, but I'd kill him so that he would not breathe for one minute, I know."

Why was the conqueror of Canaan like a child whom nobody fathers? Because he was the son of Nun.

The young of the albatross remain in their nests for a year before they can fly, and during that long period they are fed by the mother. The young bird, as it sits on the nest, is stately and beautiful. The white down, which is its first covering, giving place to its natural gray plumage, leaves half the creature covered with down; the other half is a fine compact of feathers, composed of white and gray; while the head is of a dazzling, silvery white. Their size is prodigious, one of them proving a tolerable load.

ANECDOTE OF A PADDY.—An Irishman, standing on the tongue of a wagon, was run away with by a pair of horses, and had his legs very much bruised by the violent motion of the swingletrees. Some person, to whom he was relating the accident, asked him—"Why didn't you jump off, Patrick?"

"Faith, sir," returned Pat, "and it was as much as I could do to stay on."

EXTRAORDINARY SENSIBILITY.—Mr. Pierre Lagrave, a musical performer, recently appeared among the competitors for the grand prize at the institution at Paris. He was twenty years old and had obtained the second grand prize last year. When the result was announced unfavorable to himself, such was the shock he experienced, that he was seized with convulsions, and died in about three hours.

The forthcoming edition of the Cracker Dictionary, we understand will contain the following definition of Nullification—

"Nullification—The abstract idea of the little end of the tail of nothing."

FATE OF LLORENTE.—Amongst the individuals, whom chance threw into my way in Paris, says Depping in his *Reminiscences of a German's life in Paris*, was Llorente,

the enlightened, talented, and persecuted historiographer of the Inquisition. I frequently paid him a visit, and found him to be an extremely well read scholar. On one occasion, I met him in the street, early in the morning; upon asking him where he was coming from, he replied, "I hired myself last night to watch a dead man's body! How little did I dream, when a canon at Toledo, and a privy-councillor at Madrid, that I should ever be forced to earn my daily bread by mounting guard over a defunct Parisian." Soon after this occurrence, Peyronnet ordered him instantly to quit France; such was the will and pleasure of the Jesuits about the court; poor Llorente was compelled to obey the unfeeling mandate, and he scarcely regained his native soil, when he fell a prey to wretchedness and destitution.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—Blackwood's late Magazine, speaking of the petty jealousies that exist between the people of this country and those of Great Britain, has the following amusing paragraph:—"England and America are two fine women—and not only so, but they are mother and daughter. England is fat, fair, and forty, and fit for the arms of a King. America is in her teens, and a morsel for a President. As long as they pursue each her own path, and are proud, each of her own lord or lover, both can bear, without any painful uneasiness, the thought of each other's beauty, and smilingly blow kisses from their hands across the Atlantic. Yet 'twould be too much to expect, that when they speak of each other's charms, they should always select the most seducing; that when they touch on each other's defects, they should point to the least prominent. 'Tis not in nature."

Lord Yarmouth, now Marquess of Hertford, was passionately fond of play. Once playing with an illustrious personage, he lost with such continued regularity that there seemed to be something unfair; at length by dint of observation, he discovered the secret of his losses.—The Court was then either at Windsor or at Brighton, and the Prince Regent had brought into fashion, blue coats with polished steel buttons as big as crown pieces. By this means, whoever played with the Prince had seven or eight small mirrors on his coat, which reflected every card in his hand. All this no doubt was the effect of chance, but it was a chance which made Lord Yarmouth lose thousands of pounds. As soon as Lord Yarmouth, with a rapid glance, detected the *chance snare*, he unbuttoned his coat, and said, in answer to the Prince's inquiring look—"Sir, it is too hot for me here."

TO DANDIES.

Ye mincing, squinting, smockfaced pretty things,
With corsets laced as tight as fiddle strings;
Choked as a toad, and supple as a cat,
About the waist D sharp, the pate B flat,
Ye cringing, super-serviceable slaves,
Ye self-complacent, brainless, heartless knaves;
Ye lizard-looking apes, with cat-fish gills,
Proud scoundrels, go and pay your *tailor's bills*.

RESULTS OF CHOLERA.—In 1831, the burials in the six metropolitan parishes on the south side of the river, from June 16 to July 13, amounted to 214; and during the same period this year to 346, being an increase of 132. The general official report of July 18th shows an increase of frightful magnitude, namely new cases in England and Scotland, 620, deaths 188, recovered 270, remaining 1,265; in Ireland, new cases 462, deaths 160, recoveries 301—a thousand and eighty-two attacks of this disease in twenty four hours, and three hundred and fifty seven of them fatal. July 19, the reports of cholera in England and Scotland, new cases 467, deaths 168, recovered 277; Ireland, new cases 655, deaths 254, recovered 428—1,122 new cases and 432 dead. In Paris, on Wednesday the 18th, 170 died.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1832.

OUSELEY'S STATISTICS.

It is not among the least singular characteristics of this revolutionizing age, that we should have presented to us by an Englishman, and an *attache* of a British legation, the most full, fair, and candid exposition of American affairs, that has yet been published. It marks a revolution in sentiment in the transatlantic world, at which we cannot but be highly gratified. After all the distorted views, and still more distorted reasoning and influence with which foreign writers have confused the world, with regard to the political and social feelings and prospects of the United States, it is a source of deep satisfaction to meet with one, writing in our own language, and belonging to that nation which we in common with all freemen must prize above the rest of Europe, who has employed a discriminating and vigorous mind in the task of examining and illustrating America as it is. With opportunities beyond all his predecessors, he has devoted himself with perseverance, assiduity and success, to the employment; and the production must rank the author among the most clear, concise, and authentic writers, who have devoted their pages to this interesting subject. We hazard but little in saying that even to our own citizens, the information contained in this small volume will be an acceptable offering; while to the European world, the facts developed and the views laid down, are pregnant with the most important lessons in government and economy. The enlarged and liberal notions entertained by Mr. Ouseley of the nature of our political institutions are well expressed as follows:—

"In examining the nature of the transatlantic republic we find not the astute tyranny of an Italian aristocracy, nor the abuses of usurped powers; neither do we witness the conflicts between an insatiate populace and a proud and unfeeling nobility, as in Rome; while the internal struggles, the want of unity and force, are obviated by a federal union, unknown to the republics of antiquity.

We may perhaps expect, arguing from what we see of the violence of contested elections at home, that they must, *a fortiori*, be attended with tumult and riot a thousandfold worse in a country where something nearly approaching to universal suffrage exists, whereas we find that, compared with our assemblies, the elections of the United States are order itself, pelting, mobbing, or brawling, are almost unheard of on such occasions, and more than all, there is little or no bribery, or possibility of succeeding merely by dint of money."

Our system, he thinks, has worked wonderfully well for our prosperity, and appears as likely to last and adapt itself to future exigencies, with as fair a prospect of success as the nature of human institutions can promise.

In reviewing our judiciary system he adverts with great force and justice to the singularly independent position of the judges, as operating powerfully in the furtherance of justice, and places in high relief the intangible position of the head of our Supreme Court, as compared with the position of the Lord Chancellor of England. In remarking on this subject, occasion is taken for a high compliment to the venerable Marshall, which

to an American bosom must be as grateful as it is well-merited.

The misrepresentations of previous travellers are the ground work for an examination embracing the social system and the financial concerns of the Union, which will be read with deep interest, and referred to with confidence as well on this as the other side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Trollope is handled without gloves, and Capt. Hall's false deductions are fairly blown up, or otherwise demolished. Our country is rescued from a charge of want of respect to religion which has obtained some footing from the misrepresentations of English tourists, and the general amenity of our people as regards language and behaviour, is handsomely and forcibly vindicated. Mr. O. is one of those liberal-minded gentlemen of whom we regret that so few find their way across the Atlantic, that can tolerate a highminded, intelligent, enterprising people, who bring deserts into cultivation, extend railroads across the wilderness, carry canals over the highest hills, or subdue the rapids of the Mississippi, and raise towns as if by magic among interminable forests, even if they should be so lost to refinement as to carry victuals to their lips with a knife.

By far the greater part of this book, however, is devoted to the financial concerns of the Union. It is clearly shown, in refutation of the doctrines of some recent European writers that on the score of cheapness in the government, we are beyond comparison better off than the people of France or England, and that these expenses are likely to lessen in ratio as our population becomes dense.

In the course of the work he is at some pains to show, an operation quite unnecessary for his readers on this side of the "big water," that the tenure of property is quite as secure in America, as in England; and that this results from the nature and formation of our peculiar institutions. We recommend it to our readers, as furnishing an instance of how completely a liberal mind can release itself from the trammels of early prejudice and education.

The tables in this book are of high value to the American reader, containing a mass of information that we did not suppose could be so conveniently embodied; and evince at once the assiduous research and complete success of the author.

TWO YEARS AND A HALF IN THE NAVY, OR JOURNAL OF A CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AND LEVANT, ON BOARD OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE CONSTELLATION, IN THE YEARS 1829, 30, AND 31: BY E. C. WINES. *Carey and Lea*.—We hail this "Journal" of Lieutenant Wines as the forerunner of many other volumes of nautical reminiscences which the officers of the American navy have been sadly remiss in not coming before the public. While the English press teems with narratives of naval life, from the pen of an admiral to that of a midshipman, our own officers have been wholly silent on subjects so dear to their fellow citizens. A better day, we hope, is about to dawn on this portion of our literature. In leading the way, Lieutenant Wines has produced two of the most agreeable, piquant and lively volumes. No doubt they will be extensively read and admired. We shall return to them again, prepared with extracts, a multitude of which are already marked for insertion.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—*Carey & Lea.*

The author of this novel, Miss Austin, ranks high among English prose writers. The present work is by no means a weak or frivolous production. It contains a narrative of events well fitted not only to attract, but to arrest the reader's attention, and on the whole, is abundantly superior to a multitude of similar publications. The National Gazette has so well grouped up its claims to public favor, that we cannot do better than republish them:—

"The late Miss Austin acquired great celebrity by other works, such as *Persuasion*—*Sense and Sensibility*—*Mansfield Park*—*Emma*—*Northanger Abbey*.—Miss Mitford styles Miss Austin the most correct of female writers; the London Quarterly Review extols *Persuasion* as "one of the most elegant fictions of common life;" her works in general were commended in the warmest terms in all the principal British critical journals. A lady of our country requested a distinguished female correspondent who was on a visit to Sir Walter Scott, to ask him how it happened that in his *Lives of the Novelists*, he had omitted so celebrated a writer as Miss Austin. The correspondent wrote in reply—"I showed your letter to Sir Walter Scott, and he told me to tell you that if you would refer to his *Lives of the Novelists*, you would perceive that the volume left off with Bage, a novelist who wrote prior to Miss Austin. That if the public had encouraged him—which was not the case—he would have put forth a second volume, wherein he should have done Miss Austin that justice which her extraordinary genius merited; that he considered her one of the first of female novelists."

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.—*Carey and Hart.*—This book forms the first part of the fifteenth volume, and embraces a full account of "Vegetable Substances used for the food of Man." A large number of engravings add value to the work, by serving to illustrate the subjects treated of. To agricultural readers this cheap volume will convey a large amount of useful information on topics connected with their occupation. The article on *Wheat*, its origin, varieties, comparative excellence, &c., is a complete history of the plant, condensed into about fifty pages. Rye, barley, corn, rice, millet, buckwheat, the potatoe, sago, oats; a variety of other plants are treated of in a copious manner, at once instructive and entertaining. It is, indeed, a valuable work—no person connected with agriculture, or fond of agricultural pursuits, should be without it.

The establishment of the Zoological Society in London has been one of the most successful experiments of the present age. Every animal that can be procured is provided with appropriate accommodations, and the grounds being very extensive, every variety of field, forest, and lake, is at the disposal of the keepers. During last June 34,000 individuals visited the gardens. The balance on the months proceedings in favour of the institution was £918, or about \$5,000. This wonderful success should prompt the formation of similar establishments in America. We should rejoice to see a zoological garden in this vicinity; there is taste to appreciate it, as is fully proved by the thousands who flock to see every menagerie which comes amongst us, and if all the rare beasts and birds now in America were collected, there

would be a fine beginning, to which officers in the army and navy, captains, and travellers generally, would be proud to contribute. It is astonishing how much more pleasure is derived from seeing a live animal, than from a stuffed specimen.

MRS. VAN NESS.

The death of this lady at Washington which we briefly announced last week, deserves more than a passing paragraph. It appears that having lost a child, her sorrow had induced her to the performance of a deed of the most touching kind. She erected a building over the grave of her child, and placed in it a number of orphans to receive an education. One of our contemporaries in alluding to this fact, remarks—"What a fountain is a mother's heart—in joy, running over to irrigate and bless—but in trouble, like the pool of Bethesda, healing the afflicted within its influence. We look back in vain upon the records of antiquity, for a parallel to such a grief as is recorded above. The pomp of wo has built mausoleums, within whose chambers mouldered away the bones of the unlamented, whose deaths were as fruitless as had been their lives; but the Washington mother makes the temple of maternal grief an asylum for the motherless orphan, and gems the tomb of her darling with tears of affectionate gratitude. The lamp which she lights at her daughter's sepulchre, is not to illuminate a solitary gloom; it pours its beams upon a dependent host, whom it warms to virtue and lights to truth. Never have we known sorrow so diffusive in its blessing—never have we seen grief sanctified to such extensive good. Joy may have warned in vain, but stern affliction smote the heart with its potent rod, and there swelled forth a healing stream, which blessed in its first gush and followed with a blessing. The mother who hath thus made her griefs a blessing to the orphan—who has, with her own tears, watered the decaying and neglected plants of another soil, should have no tomb stone. The building over her daughter's grave should stand the monument of her ennobled grief and her glorious fame, for other ages to point at with admiration and awe—and the heart that did not homage at such a shrine, must be dead to every impulse of devotion."

Care and caution in diet, although the cholera has very nearly left us, are still highly necessary, as a few cases occur every week from want of proper precautions. Mr. Quesnet, long a respectable dancing master of this city, and residing in Filbert above 12th street, attended church on Sunday, was taken with cholera at night, and died on Monday afternoon. We understand he had eaten freely of cantelopes, and had not attended to the premonitory symptoms. A similar instance is related in the New York Courier thus: "It is painful to announce, that the cholera has carried off, in the short space of a few hours, another of our most estimable citizens. Mr. Oliver H. Hicks, president of the Farmers' Fire Insurance and Loan Company, was attacked by the dreadful disorder at 4 o'clock on Monday morning, and last evening at 6 o'clock fell a victim to it. He had attended religious worship throughout the Sabbath, and retired to bed in good spirits. His health, for some time past, has been but indifferent, and caused a general debility of his system, which probably predisposed him to the attacks of the pestilence."



BARLEY WOOD.
THE RESIDENCE OF HANNAH MORE.